

"Build thee more stately mansions, oh, my soul!
 As the swift seasons roll!
 Leave thy low-vaulted past!
 Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
 Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
 Till thou at length art free,
 Leaving thine oulgrown shell by life's unresting sea."
 —Holmes "The Chambered Nautilus."

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Why Some Prophecies Are Not Fulfilled.

BY ELIZABETH TOWNE.

The *New York Journal*, of December 31, devotes a double page article to prophecies for the year 1906.

Mme. Thebes, the Parisian seeress-palmist, prophesies "universal maladies and disasters," most of her prophecies being vague enough to cover any unpleasant thing anywhere on earth. If my memory is as good as I think it, Mme. Thebes is the woman who prophesied that after a long and bloody war the Russians would wipe the Japs off the map. Her predictions for 1906 sound as if she is learning caution.

A German prophet who calls himself "Seestern," and who is said to voice the Kaiser's fears as well as his own, predicts the greatest European war ever known, and a general uprising of the yellow and black races against the whites.

But the American prophet, who calls himself "Spangler, the last of the prophets," caps them all, with predictions of all manner of evils, including the assassination of the Czar and the Sultan of Turkey, two great fires in Boston, a very hot summer, a great increase in the world's death rate by all manner of violence and disease, a bloody race war in the southern part of our country, dissolution of Russia and of Turkey, destructive spring freshets, earthquakes and volcanic eruptions in

all parts of the earth, including the breaking forth of supposedly extinct volcanoes and especially destructive eruptions of Pelee, Vesuvius and Popocatepetl.

As an offset to these he predicts a great wave of religious revival in the United States, the averting of three more wars by our Teddy, and continued prosperity for our own people.

Just by way of good measure he predicts that Russia will kill off its nobles, tear itself into bits of republics and elective monarchies, and continue in constant turmoil until the end of the world in 1908!

It looks as if Lee Spangler, of York, Pa., being an evangelist as well as "the last of the prophets," had an eye out for the coming religious revival which neither of the other prophets discovered. He says you may believe his prophecies, for he is the man who predicted the death of Queen Victoria, the assassination of McKinley, the victory of the Japanese, the Iroquois theatre fire, the steamer Slocum disaster, the election of Roosevelt and the uprisings in Russia. He doesn't tell us how many of his prophecies have failed to materialize.

I have filed away this double page of prophecies, just to see how nearly they are fulfilled. A year from now our readers will hear of it again.

Do I believe in prophecies? Yes—in all the good ones. And in some of the bad ones which my own prophetic spirit tells me are in line with progress. The rest of them I speculate about, and accept when I see them fulfilled.

Every human being is more or less of a prophet. In any line where he is *interested and well informed* he can tell pretty well what is coming next. He *wants* to know what is coming, and this want supplies itself from the all-present ethers of truth. The desire to know is a vacuum, into which the wisdom is drawn. This we call intuition. Every human being has intuition in the directions of his deepest desires and interests.

And *faith* is the sunshine and moisture that make things *grow*. The more *faith* one has in his intuitions the faster they come and the surer they are.

All prophets make mistakes, but good prophets forget their mistakes quickly and reach out for more truths.

Why do they make mistakes? Because all prophecies are based on *things seen*, and something may come out of the unseen to upset the calculation.

For prophecy is simply mathematical *calculation*. Given such and such factors, the result will invariably be so and so.

But there is always the possibility of a new and unexpected factor cropping up.

Take Jonah at Nineveh, for instance. He saw where the lives of the people were leading them. They were on the toboggan slide with rocks and brimstone at the bottom. *They* couldn't see it—their interests and desires were all in other lines.

But Jonah wondered and wondered, and desired and desired to know what would become of such a city.

And the prophecy came to him.

Along with it came an impulse to go

out and shriek his evil prophecy to the people. He hated to do it, but he did.

And his prophecy was so terrible that it scared the people off the toboggan slide to hell. So Jonah's prophecy never came true. But it was a true prophecy just the same, as far as it went. The prophecy itself was a new factor which changed the result of itself.

Many of our little every day prophecies, for both good and evil, upset themselves in the same way that Jonah's big one did. For instance, we go carelessly at a piece of work, saying to ourselves, "Oh, what's the use of bothering anyway—it's sure to go wrong—always does for me." There is the little prophecy, you see. Go right along with it and things *will* go wrong.

But that evil prophecy wakes up something in you which says, "No, I can take a little more pains with this and make it come out right." And you *take* a little more pains with it and it *does* come out right. And you feel so *satisfied* to think you did so.

So your intelligence and *I will* bring the evil prophecy to naught.

In the same way the intelligence and good will of the Russian people may prove the unexpected factor which shall set Spangler's evil prophecy to naught. It *looks* as if the Czar and his cohorts will die a sacrifice to their own past pig-headed selfishness; it *looks* as if Russia will surely split up into factions.

But there's the great unexpected which has no part in these prophecies. And in the land of Tolstoi and Verestchagin and Gorky one can safely hope for the early appearance in its people of greater intelligence and good will than is yet counted upon. In spite of intrigue and massacre the Russians may yet tumble off that toboggan slide.

So *The Nautilus* will live 1906 in hope, and have full faith in the goodness and power of the Unexpected which we have always with us.

The Law of the Rhythmic Breath.

By ELLA ADELIA FLETCHER.

[This series of articles is so novel, so original, of such absorbing interest and affecting human health and happiness so profoundly, that I urge every reader of NAUTILUS to follow them carefully to completion. These articles explain, for the first time in Western literature, in a convincingly clear and simple form, and with proofs that will silence every doubting Thomas, the basic truths of the Rhythmic Breath, as taught in ancient Hindu philosophy and developed by the author. These truths involve a knowledge of the Law of Vibration or the basic law of the universe. Miss Fletcher's next article will be entitled, "How to Use the Master-Key." Then will come articles upon "The Evolution of the Tattvas," "Color in the Visible and Invisible World," "Sequence of Numbers," etc. My advice to you all is: Do not fail to read every word of these articles.—THE EDITOR.]

CHAPTER III.

HOW TO GAIN THE MASTER-KEY.

Every natural force is ready to work with and for us if we use it intelligently, according to its law. All readers of the previous essays on this subject comprehend now, I think, that the *Tattvic* forces are the active agents of all cosmic intelligence and energy. Our task now is to learn what is our measure of responsibility for their harmonious movement, and how we can gain the mastery instead of being mastered by them.

In the physical body, the nerves are the lines through which the *Tattvas* speed to their assigned field of influence, and one nerve may carry several vibrations simultaneously just as a single electric wire transmits many messages. The moment they enter the human body, however, the *Tattvic* vibrations encounter the disturbing influences which are ceaselessly arising in the average mind. The reasons for this, though they have so completely baffled the scientist that there are still many who deny that thought can possibly influence matter, are extremely simple, logical, and absolutely scientific. In the *Tattvic* law we find the solution.

It has been demonstrated beyond question that emotions of hate, passion, fear, or a guilty conscience generate poisons in the human system which, when not active enough to kill (the poisoned milk of an angry mother has been known to kill her nursing infant) are the primary cause of many disorders; and they give their distinct colors to the

secretions of the perspiratory glands. These effects are caused by the abnormal vibrations into which the *Tattvas* are thrown by the above mental states. Thus with every thought we are moulding these bodies of ours to ease or disease.

Every atom, every molecule of your body is as sensitive to the thoughts within (yea, and only less sensitive to those without!) as is a feather to a rifle of air. It is only strong, positive personalities who think their own thoughts; more than half of humanity simply reflect the thoughts of other people, for the *Tattvas* carry them to responsive minds. They are the wings of thought.

The usurped over-lordship of the sense-directed mind is the source of most of the ills and sufferings of the body; and its crowning sin and most disastrous menace are that it stifles the soul and prevents its growth through the experiences which should be its daily and hourly portion. The sooner you recognize that you are a Soul and have a body (a world-wide difference from the ordinary conception) the sooner you will become conscious of an increased vitality and strength; for the rousing of the soul to conscious activity through this recognition raises the *Tattvic* vibrations to a higher, more subtle plane. The resulting sense of well-being is the proof that you are actually remaking your body of purer materials through the harmonic co-operation of all the elements needed for its up-building.

When once you have experienced the

thrill that this consciousness gives you, you will never again deny the dynamic power of thought, nor the deeply significant truth that spirit works through matter.

These physical bodies of ours are always in a state of flux and reflux—like molten metal or plastic gypsum—every component atom taking the form—that is, the vibration, which the thought of the moment gives rise to. Every thought, even the most idle and fleeting which the mind admits to its sanctum, speeds away on one of the wires centering there, to affect for good or ill the molecules influenced by that nerve.

When you banish the army of discordant warring thoughts which sense-perceptions are ever giving rise to, and declare your real self, your soul, the ruler, you are exercising a will-power which connects your soul with the great central dynamo, the Divine Spirit; and, with channels freed for their flow, streams of vital force will speed over your nerves in full rhythmic currents, which will stimulate all the atoms to harmonious vibration.

Now, the problem before us is, how are we to quiet the frivolous, discord-breeding activities of our minds, so that our souls shall come into recognized rulership of their mundane kingdoms, the physical bodies, and be able to restore the rebellious subjects of these kingdoms to the co-ordinate action which their unity of interests demands? Here is where knowledge of the *Tattvas* is of overwhelming importance to every human being.

We cannot accomplish this by study and reading alone; *knowing* and *doing* are two distinct acts; and it is only by *using* any knowledge that we make it our own. The only road to the conquest and control of these so restless minds is through diligent practice of methods of

breathing and concentration; which, beginning by regulating the normal flow of the *Tattvas*, which purifies and strengthens the nerves, then gives us the power to silence the clamor of the senses and, with the soul freed from the shackles of these energy-wasters, to send the vital current wherever we wish.

It is difficult for some to understand how the positive and negative currents of *Prana* can flow down the right and left sides of the spine and speed over the nerves, since breath, they say, can enter the lungs only.

The gross bulk of the air, that which inflates the lungs, does not penetrate through muscles, nerves, and bones. But the subtle force within it, that which is life-giving, renewing, and rebuilding speeds everywhere, an electric, vital fluid; and the more rhythmical the breathing the greater is the tendency of all the molecules in the body to move in the same direction, which increases the electrical power.

The distinction between breath and *Prana* is a very subtle one, and most attempts to describe the latter consist of affirmations followed by denials. Even the Swami Vivekananda, who could think so clearly in English that he seemed to have a psychological grasp of Western modes of thought, could not escape the Hindu propensity to strive for the finest conceivable distinction. After saying that the most obvious manifestation of *Prana* is the breath, and that "This *Prana* is the vital force in every being, and the finest and highest action of *Prana* is thought," he concludes by this statement: "*And yet we cannot call it force, because it is only the manifestation of it.*"

Other writers are equally baffling, yet this need not give us concern. *Every one who practices will learn to know Prana for what it is.* To say that breath is "something very different from

Prana'' is not only misleading but unnecessarily confusing; and in great part the ultimate analyses reached by all these quibblings are distinctions without a difference, a splitting of hairs as it were; for a breath without *Prana* is unthinkable, since it pervades all space, and is the force that moves the universe and holds the planets in their spheres. Wanting *Prana* we should not breathe at all, and its withdrawal brings physical life to its close.

Prana is the terrestrial manifestation of solar energy, and its perpetual cycling motion from within outward and back again, supplies the lever that controls the automatic contraction and expansion of the lungs. It is, moreover, that thinking principle within us which superintends all the automatic functions of internal organs. The importance of never forgetting the imperative need that the positive and negative currents of *Prana* be equally balanced should now be clear to all students.

The control of this all-pervading energy, the vital or creative force in every atom is called *Pranayama*; and it is in the held breath that we generate the will-power to gain this mastery. The philosophy of this is that the force of the vibrations thus concentrated upon given centers, or nerve-plexuses, strikes with such an impact upon the myriad of molecules and atoms as to impart a sympathetic, rhythmical direction and motion; and, holding steadily to a single focus the customary scattering mental impulses, thus generates higher and more subtle rates of vibration. The

higher they are, the purer and finer, and the greater the power of the *Tattvas* which make up the current of *Prana*.

The next exercise, therefore, for which the preceding ones have been a preparation, gives precedence to the held breath, and the count is: Inhale during *four* seconds, hold *sixteen*, and exhale during *eight*. Remember that the exercise always begins with the inhalation through the left nostril, and exhalation through the right; then inhale through the right and continue by same count. A complete *Pranayama* exercise includes two held breaths, and there should be four repetitions at the same hours directed for previous exercises.

No slightest discomfort will be experienced during the held breath, if the mind be occupied with directing the current of *Prana* to the sacral-plexus at the base of the spine during the first half of the count, and then to the solar-plexus for the remainder. The beneficial results will be in proportion to the control exercised over the mind, as has been emphasized throughout this talk.

Instead of counting numbers during the held breath, it is best to *think* a rhythmic syllable or a sacred word, the repetition of which holds the attention and promotes harmony. There is a deep significance in this which will be explained later. The moment you arrest the energy-wasting activities of the senses by this concentration you bring the mind under control of your soul and give your real self a chance to live.

(Erratum: In the last full paragraph, on page 11, of January *Nautilus*, third line, read "cessation" instead of "sensation."—E. T.).

*"If the chosen soul could never be alone
In deep mid-silence, opened-doored to God,
No greatness ever had been dreamed or done;
Among dull hearts a prophet never grew;
The nurse of full-grown souls is solitude."*—Lowell.

New Thought Without Thinking.

By L. A. Bow.

What strenuous opposition some people are making against the New Thought, while everywhere people of all kinds and conditions constantly practice it, to their own edification, and oftentimes without knowing what they are doing.

Said a dear hostess and life-long friend of mine, "So I'm only sick because I imagine I am, and you're well and happy because you believe you are, and—what else? Tell me some more of your fairy tales. But first have some more mince pie, it won't hurt you. Don't you remember as a child I never could eat this, that and the other? It might hurt me? And as for coffee! It was not to be thought of! But when we were married I said I was going to *enjoy myself as other people did. I didn't believe things would hurt me if I wasn't afraid of them. It was all nonsense. And I eat what I like with never a thought of its hurting me.*"

I looked at her pink and white skin, and bright eyes, and with her five strapping boys around her, and told her she looked younger than when she was married.

Then there is my niece, who "abhors Christian Science, Mental Science and the whole bundle of crazy stuff." She was one of the plainest, most uninteresting, unpromising looking children; so "plain," that I shouldn't wonder if a dreary sense of it didn't steal into her consciousness, into her *heart*, for when she was about ten or twelve years old I used to frequently discover her perched before a mirror, her wide mouth screwed up into a "red rose," as she once told me, her eyes open and bright, her small head held very erect, while she assumed all sorts of postures which she would sometimes call on me to admire. Such practices, with a thousand and one variations she kept up for years. Meanwhile, the town in which she lived had some really fine musicians and singers, and she

became possessed with a desire to sing. She hadn't a sign of a voice, but she took of the best teachers to be had in the town, and bore with all the fortitude she could summon the teasing and jests of her brothers. At the end of a year, though the voice was still minus, she persuaded her parents to let her go to a neighboring city where she took of an expensive teacher. And lo, her Genius has rewarded her.

Yes, her Genius; for genius, I take it, is steadiness and strength of purpose sufficient for the attainment of a desire. The thing attained is only the effect; the steady pouring of Force in one direction, the cause. The girl is now as exquisite a piece of flesh and blood, both of coloring and modeling—as one might wish to see; while her voice is a marvel, so high, so clear and rich and pure, that it satisfies one's very soul. Two of her pictures were in one of the exhibits at the St. Louis World's Fair, while she has had flattering offers of lucrative positions from both theatres and churches.

One more example of a plain, rather delicate, overworked woman. She has a large family, is a very thorough housekeeper, and does all the cooking, baking, washing and ironing, sewing, etc. I asked her one day how on earth she accomplished so much every day in the year. "O," she said, "I have a little way of my own that somehow always fixes me up. We have early breakfast, and sometime during the morning I always find time to just flop down, never more than ten or fifteen minutes, and lie and dream or do nothing at all but just rest, and when I pop up I'm all right. I do the same thing in the afternoon, sometimes falling asleep then, but always knowing I'll wake up feeling all right again, and I always do." This woman knows very little and cares less about Mental Science, but nevertheless heals herself as she goes along.



THE CHOSEN.

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

*They stood before the Angel at the gate;
The Angel asked: "Why should you enter in?"
One said: "On earth my place was high and great;"
And one, "I warned my fellow-men from sin;"
Another, "I was teacher of the faith;
I scorned my life and lived in love with death."*

*And one stood silent. "Speak!" the Angel said;
"What earthly deed has sent you here today?"
"Alas! I did but follow where they led,"
He answered sadly; "I had lost my way—
So new the country, and so strange my flight;
I only sought for guidance and for light."*

*"You have no passport?" "None," the answer came.
"I loved the earth, tho' lowly was my lot.
I strove to keep my record free from blame,
And make a heaven about my humble spot.
A narrow life; I see it now, too late;
So, Angel, drive me from the heavenly gate."*

*The Angel swung the portal wide and free,
And took the sorrowing stranger by the hand.
"Nay, you alone," he said, "shall come with me,
Of all this waiting and insistent band.
Of what God gave you built your paradise;
Behold your mansion waiting in the skies."*

Written for THE NAUTILUS.



By
Floyd B. Wilson.

Spiritual Knowledge.

Part II.

Now the spiritual plane of consciousness is distinct and separate from the intellectual plane. Here we find the seat of the emotions, and here are soul aspirations translated into language and projected to the world. Again, sometimes those soul aspirations are of an order that language is not found even on the spiritual plane to translate them so that they can be expressed intelligently to any, except to those who have gone through the same development, and even then by tones rather than by words. People are often found declaring that they cannot understand each other. If both spoke from the intellectual plane there would be no difficulty even if one had traveled over it further than the other; because it could quickly be made apparent to the other that ignorance might be a reason why he could not understand. If, however, one speaks of desire to do philanthropic work, to endow universities, to help man know himself that he may spread his influence for good, then that one is moved by impulses springing from his soul and reaching intelligence through spiritual consciousness; and, if his listener has his ear and life symphonies attuned only to the intellectual plane of being, he could not understand why his friend would want to employ his wealth, his time, his force, in avenues where he did not receive ma-

terial return for the same, fairly adequate for payment for the money and service given.

All the best impulses of life arise from the aspirations of the soul and reach man through the spiritual plane of consciousness. It will be seen, therefore, by all readers of this paper, that all know something about the plane of spiritual consciousness, and that many in doing acts and deeds conceived thereon have often found joy and happiness by giving joy and happiness to others, through what appeared to the superficial observer to be personal sacrifices. I do not mean to say that from the intellect some acts of kindness may not spring that would hardly be classed as those from the spiritual plane of consciousness. I do, however, mean to say that it is because one has passed to that higher plane of consciousness that he is stirred from the depths of his heart by some grand heroic act of which he may be told, by some poem he may read, by some oration he may hear, and by the doing of kindnesses to help others progress that might seem to some sacrifices; but the thrill that any of these acts gives his whole being tells him they who call the price paid sacrifice might argue correctly from the plane of intellect but never from the higher plane of consciousness.

My subject is spiritual knowledge on this plane, and one must travel on many of its paths, and study in many of its fields in order to obtain this knowledge. It is first essential that one learns what the spiritual plane is and I think I have illustrated that so that it may be understood even by those reasoning from the intellectual. If so, remember that the

knowledge to be founded upon it is not merely of a character to give thrills of joy to one's being or pleasure and happiness to others; but, within its own confines also is the supreme self, and when it rules the entire being it is masterful and knows no limitations.

Spiritual knowledge is obtained in the silence and by being still. Even in arguing from the intellectual plane, people have been accustomed for ages to go alone and sit down quietly, and as they say, think. Speaking from that plane, this would be a correct statement; but, as a matter of fact, little or no thinking is done. One has been in the habit of placing himself in that position of rest and quietness, not that he might think; but that thoughts or impressions would come to him from a portion of his being which he had not explored, or from that net work of vibrations encompassing all.

In human development, even on the higher planes of intellect, much has to be learned through experiments. Different students have different ways of mastering their lessons. They learn by experience. It is a mental law, or rather I would prefer to say a law of soul action, that if we come to a task at the same hour each day and sit in the same chair and same room, that task can be mastered more thoroughly and certainly more delightfully than if one works in a haphazard way and studies as he finds opportunity, without regard to this law which may not improperly be termed a psychological law of growth. In writing and urging upon the student to seek the silence, I have been flooded with letters from many whom I believe were in earnest in their work and desirous of advancement, saying either that they could not be still for an hour or that they could not find the hour each day and asking what to do under such circumstances. I did not make psychological laws, and if I have learned some of them and tell

them to the student, I reach the end purposed. In a general way I will say, if one cannot find an hour for silent meditation except upon one day out of the week take that, it is better than nothing; and, if he could take it at the same time only once a week, it would be better than to take it at irregular intervals. Again, if it could be taken every other day or three times a week, that is better than to take it once a week. Better than all, if striving for a particular thing, is to come to the sitting at the same hour and same time each day for a series of days until the end is accomplished. The importance of the task, and the greatness of it must determine much. If one took a month of sittings in the silence for a particular purpose and found that he was forced to limit them somewhat as to time occasionally, that would not retard him seriously, even though he might give but a half hour to a sitting on some days instead of an hour, provided always he came to them at the same time each day. I want all to remember who are studying that I did not make these laws, and I do not know that any one made them. I have learned them and know that the faithful following of them will bring results and wonderful results. In short, each one must work out his own salvation; and if any question if there may not be other ways than those I may suggest let me say doubtless there are. I am telling only of ways and paths which I know lead to the goal.

Were I to speculate upon what constitutes the fundamental ground work of spiritual knowledge, I would say that I have no doubt but that when we raise ourselves to the spiritual plane and begin to traverse its paths, that we then come into vibrative connection with human thought, human upreaching, and human longing which combined make up to a large extent that which we define as infinite force; and, therefore, from the

great center to which all are bound we receive the knowledge we would. This is also why it comes to us only when we are still, because we do not place our real selves into position to receive and to connect with this infinite force except by mental upreaching to this spiritual plane, and this can only be done in the hall of silence. When one has disciplined his mental vibrations to obey will, he can find the silence when in crowded halls or crowded trains. With the multitude he can be alone, oblivious to all but his companion, the Infinite and himself.

It has been clearly demonstrated that one passes through a mental evolution onward to the attainment of spiritual knowledge before he rises to complete nobility, true religion, godlike aspirations, absolute justice, unselfish love and sympathy for all mankind. Still, even beyond all this, it is through spiritual knowledge one attains to a clear comprehension of the oneness of life and the universal source from which all knowledge and power come to man. With knowledge gained on this plane come about one the protective forces warding off the lodgment of thoughts that are exceptional or depressing, and the attracting of the uplifting and upbuilding thoughts which are both masterful and creative.

Spiritual knowledge leads one prima-

rily to an acquaintance with unfoldment on the spiritual plane. That acquaintance is followed by intimacy with it, and the taking of possession of treasures within the soul which were projected because of the repeated imaginings of the complete attainment of longings. At times, one will find himself wondering if he has not mistaken some hallucination or some desire for his belief that he had advanced to the spiritual plane. This should give him no anxiety because the intellectual self is assertive and will often argue that its dominion is complete. It may call him from the spiritual plane to sterner duties that are around him, and even this may be right and best for complete symmetrical development. Let him however return to the hall of silence, and place himself again and again upon that spiritual plane until he can go there when he would and wait, knowing from the Universal the knowledge he seeks will come to him, even though it cannot be found in any book or paper that may have been written. From this plane alone is projected the force that makes ideals real; and from it he will learn the divine is within his own selfhood, and that from the silence he may bring in the fullness of time to consciousness all the secrets surrounding the mystery of life.

"Dear playmate in the Kingdom of God: Please do not take life quite so seriously—you will surely never get out of it alive. And as for your buying and selling, your churches and banks, your newspapers and books, they are really at the last of no more importance than the child's paper houses, red and blue wafers and funny scissors things.

" * * We are all children in the Kindergarten of God. Take my word for it, Playmate, and I know as much about God and his plans as any man who ever trod on this green earth. I know as much as you and you know as much as I, and we are both Sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be."—Elbert Hubbard.*

"Awake Up, My Glory."

ELEANOR KIRK.

Some folks awake down instead of "up." They look as if they had slept in the cellar all night and were seeking a deeper hole to crawl into, and yet every one of God's children owns a Glory, and we are all God's children.

The belief in our human origin and its necessary carnal and limited environment is what has provided the lid for Glory and nailed it down. Sometimes touched by the desperate fingers of desire—Glory well effervesces, and the long-faced, correct and groaning neighbors whose Glory lids are hammered down with spikes warranted not to give, exclaim—"How awful! That man is drunk."

It is a cruel and a very foolish thing to pervert Glory to such debasing hilarity but the situation is more hopeful than the critic's. The man has wakened up his Glory and he will learn in time that this is not the kind of Glory that agrees with his immortal soul. But he knows he owns a Glory, and that is more than the other one knows whose Glory is spiked down. The penalty for Glory spikes is sickness and its attendant sorrows topped off with death.

Babies and children revel in the Glory realm until school time or behave-yourself time, and then mamma and papa subject to rules and conventions begin to shove on the lid, some mercilessly and others as gently as possible, but it finds its place in both cases. This is not a demurrer against the proper training of children, but is it not a pity that the Glory spring should be shut off so suddenly in most cases and without explanation in all? But what can a parent who was pushed through the same conventional curriculum be expected to say

or do? Happily the kindergarten with its benign influences has come to stay, and is enlightening parents as well as children. But people are as stingy about aiding these institutions as they are in helping other things tending toward the amelioration of misery and the advancement of mankind. Men and women give liberally to various projects, why not to the perpetuation and understanding of the Glory domain in our little ones? Why should children ever be made unhappy when with a little practice they could learn to turn on the Glory stream in such a manner as to insure against all the ills of mortal existence.

"Awake up my Glory."

These words have been written on my calendar every morning since I found them in the Bible several days ago, and it has been a beautiful undertaking to awake up my own Glory. I think I have always been sure of its possession, but sometimes if one is not very careful Glory gets to napping and nodding, and the lid is prone to slide a bit. Sometimes we think our feelings are hurt and we are not wise enough to analyse the condition and find out how much we ourselves are responsible for the wound. On these occasions Glory does not effervesce. Glory, kept at its work of glorifying, forbids all hurts. It assures us of "peace in believing and joy in the Holy Ghost."

"Rejoice in the Lord," we are told and "Delight thyself in the Lord and thou shalt have the desires of thine heart." Almost every promise is founded upon the wide-awakeness of Glory.

The reason that folks awake down

instead of up is because they are under the impression that "good spirits" as Glory is sometimes called depend entirely upon their obedience to material enactments. They must or they must not go here or there, they must or must not eat this or that, they are under bonds to the flesh, and these bonds must not be broken. And yet they have no clear idea what the requirements are. Confronted with a pain they say, "I must have eaten too much, or I should not have worked so hard." A material excuse is furnished for each break down, each dimming of the ambition or apparent weakening of vitality. "I should have known better," they say to themselves, but they never know better. On that plane there is nothing better to know. It is hit or miss, sometimes up but most times down, and always governed by fear.

This is the way God's children have swung and teetered for boundless ages. They have done just what all the others have done because they knew no other way and dared not think for themselves. The few who did think had a hard time of it.

Even in trying to serve God these dwellers in materiality have known nothing whatever about them. They have talked about God instead of consciously living, moving and having their being in God. They have bowed down to a world full of other gods instead of looking to their creator and the creator of creation for the supply of every want. They have worshipped the father of lies and confusion and sickness and

death, and he has liberally endowed them with his devastating gifts.

These seekers after happiness, unaware of the Glory right at hand, have in many cases acted according to the very best they knew. They have prayed for the blessings they already possessed, and have starved to death with food bountifully provided. They knew nothing of the truth that makes free and did not understand their Glory. This cheering something which occasionally bubbled up from somewhere was at once directed to the enjoyment of material pleasures. It was not recognized as a divine endowment. It was regarded as a very delightful physical effervescence, due to some new food, medicine or exercise and which in the nature of things could not last long. Their lesson had been learned from observation and a hard experience. So the Glory stream was turned on to very unprofitable issues and happiness did not result.

It never does. A pleasurable condition which one must immediately utilize in the fear that at any moment it may take its flight is destitute of reality. Still it has a Glory origin and must some day be known for what it is.

"Awake up, my Glory."

Awake up to Life. Awake up to the knowledge that you have been given dominion over all material things. Awake up to the fact that you are responsible for the use of your Glory, and that it is a very mean thing to go about with a long face and a sick body with such a vast spiritual possession all ready to yield its choicest resources.

"Awake up my Glory."

VIEWPOINTS.

Men who know do not argue.

You cannot argue with me about Purgatory or about Hell or about Heaven—because I was 30 years in Purgatory, 10 years in Hell, and 12 years in Heaven.

The African pastor spoke the truth: "Bred'ren, what a man 'speriences dat he knows."—J. H. B.

INDIVIDUALISMS.

BY WILLIAM E. TOWNE.

RE-INCARNATION. No theory or belief ever put forward by religionists and philosophers has shown more persistent vitality than the theory of re-incarnation.

There is little doubt but that at one time it was the belief of nearly the entire world, and even now this belief is cherished by more than half the people of the earth.

Poets, who are always the prophets of their race, and seers and mystics in all ages, have voiced their faith in the re-incarnation theory.

Thousands upon thousands of people have intuitively recognized the reason and justice in this idea.

And yet we must confess that as yet there is no definite proof of re-incarnation, any more than there is of any other theory regarding the immortality of the soul and life after death.

For my own part, neither the heaven of the Christians nor the "Summerland" of the spiritualists is in the least attractive to me.

The belief in re-incarnation, however, is not only attractive but it explains a great many otherwise unexplainable things connected with life and death.

Re-incarnation makes possible the uninterrupted reign of justice. It alone makes possible of comprehension an unbroken sequence of cause and effect. It not only reaches forward beyond the grave, but backward beyond our birth into our previous existence upon earth, thus making possible the eternal existence of the soul and the eternal reign of the Divine Laws of Life.

Death becomes simply a little sleep, a

period of rest and recuperation, a rest somewhat longer, perhaps, than that which we take each night during our earth life, but nothing more to be feared or shunned. Then comes the awakening to a new life on earth. To new advantages, new opportunities. Kind old Mother Nature has gently taken us into her arms, lulled us to sleep and helped us to cast aside the old and worn out instruments which we have been using, and the accumulated mental rubbish of a lifetime. We awaken to a new life as a little child, a step higher up on the spiral path of attainment, with added wisdom stored in the wonderful recording place of the soul, and filled with fresh desires and fuller, sweeter harmonies, providing we have made good use of our previous life.

Perhaps the time will come, when we are far enough grown in wisdom and experience, when we shall not re-incarnate again upon the earth. But when this time does come, I believe we shall be able to bridge the seeming chasm of death, and unlock the soul's storehouse to such an extent that the personal consciousness will never leave us, because it has become fully at-one with the Universal Consciousness.

One objection advanced to re-incarnation is that it destroys the hope of meeting and recognizing friends in a future existence. It does so only to a very limited extent, if rightly understood. It may take away for a time the possibility of identifying the friends of any particular earth life—that is of connecting them with that particular period of existence, but "that which is for thee will

gravitate to thee," just as surely as the sun rises and sets, and those who are really related to you by the eternal ties of spirit will not be long absent from your life.

Upon this point a prominent writer on re-incarnation says: "The most thoughtful adherents of a future life agree that there must be there some subtler mode of recognition between friends than physical appearances, for these outer signs cannot endure in the world of spirit. The conviction that 'whether there be prophecies they shall fail, whether there be tongues they shall cease, whether there be knowledge it shall vanish away,' but 'love never faileth,' and only character shall remain as the means of identification, is precisely the view entertained by believers in re-incarnation."

We may have passed through birth and death many times, yet never once have we left the protecting arms of the All Father-Mother, or been far removed from those other souls to which we were really related.

Death is but the flashing of the consciousness from one plane of existence to another. As the flower dies in the fall but springs again to life, when the winter is past, from the same root, so does the eternal soul flower through many earth lives, yet never loses its existence as an atom in the Universal Life.

"I am the daughter of earth and water
And the nursling of the sky,
I pass through the pores of the ocean
and shores,

I change, but I cannot die.
For after the rain when with never a
stain,

The pavilion of heaven is bare,
And the winds and sunbeams, with their
convex gleams

Build up the blue dome of air,
I silently laugh at my own cenotaph,

And out of the caverns of rain,
Like a child from the womb, like a ghost
from the tomb,

I arise and unbuild it again."

—Shelley.

EMPLOYER AND EMPLOYED.

What is the reason that the man who builds up a business organization of any sort finds it so difficult to obtain suitable assistants?

Any one who is at the head of even a small office force will tell you that it is only by the exercise of "eternal vigilance" and judicious pruning that he is able to make a passable success of his business and maintain a fair degree of smoothness in the daily work of his force.

This difficulty is by no means due primarily to the ignorance and incompetence of those seeking employment. It may be comparatively easy to select those with sufficient natural ability to do the work required of them in an acceptable manner.

A large share of the difficulty lies in getting employes to pay attention to their work, and to co-operate with the head of the concern in building up a successful business organization.

Right here comes in the natural bars which seem to arise between employer and employed. These bars must be overcome, the confidence of the workers obtained and a spirit of enthusiasm for their work enlisted if success is to result.

Both employers and employed are very apt to be short sighted on this point. They fail to see how indissolubly their interests are bound up together.

The employer many times is unwilling to accord to his workers a fair share of the profits of the concern.

The workers, on their part, look with contempt upon the men who supply the directing force of the organization.

They forget that the man at the head of the business is putting his knowledge, ideas and business ability against their capacity for work, and that in this way a partnership is formed, for the results of which they are responsible no less than the manager, and that they will reap the results of success as well as he.

There is every reason in the world why an employe should do his work in the best possible manner so long as he remains in connection with a firm.

First, the success of the firm is partially in his keeping. "A chain is no stronger than its weakest link," and poor work on the part of one employe weakens the whole business by that much and militates against his own interests, the interests of his fellow workers and of his employer.

Second, to be connected with a successful firm is helpful to an employe. Success attracts success. An atmosphere of success surrounds the workers connected with a growing, successful business. Therefore each worker owes it to himself and fellow workers, *so long as he remains with a firm*, to contribute his best efforts toward building up success for it. If he thinks he is not being fairly treated, and cannot secure what he believes is right and just in the way of remuneration, *then it is his imperative duty to leave the firm for which he is working*. He cannot do them and himself a greater injury than by continuing in their employ while constantly in a state of mental protest. He owes it to himself as well as to his employer to do his *best*, willingly, so long as he remains. Even though he feels that he is not getting quite what he ought in the way of salary, the worker can best fit himself for something better elsewhere by doing his work *well* in his present position—*so long as he chooses to remain*.

The man who is successful in securing the assistance of others in helping him build up a business, must be able to inspire their confidence in the concern, and enthusiastic belief in its future.

And one should not connect himself

with a business house in which he has not full confidence—about which he cannot become enthusiastic. He injures himself and his employer by doing otherwise.

To build up a successful business, the workers and the head of the concern must join hands in united efforts. They must realize that their interests are identical.

Co-operation is really the basis of all honest, successful business enterprises.

The greatest cause of poor work, perhaps, is the fact that the worker is too apt to consider the interests of his employer as apart from and conflicting with his own.

The successful employer can only overcome this feeling on the part of his helpers by granting reasonable pay for their services, reasonable hours of work and in every possible way fostering the spirit of co-operation.

Each employe should be made to realize that however insignificant his work may seem, yet he is an integral part of the organization, and his best effort will produce good results for himself, just as surely as for his employer.

Everyone with business experience knows how much easier it is to formulate these principles than to apply them. Yet I believe they are based on truth and common sense.

I confidently expect that the time will soon come when employes will almost universally receive a regular percentage of the profits of the concern for which they work. This is along the line of a reasonable and just co-operation—a co-operation that is fair to both sides.

It is the middle ground between the present reign of greedy capitalists and the proposed reign of socialism, both of which I consider equally unfair and undesirable.—W. E. T.

Sincerity is the password to Heaven.—Purinton.

The Editors Abroad.

*FROM PORTLAND TO ST. LOUIS ON
TIME—PLENTY OF IT.*

Things looked rather dark and weepy, so we turned in early to forget them; and to keep us from remembering that our O. R. & N. flyer would streak us through the dark, past the unequalled splendors of the upper Columbia scenery, which I did want William to see, and which he needed as an antidote to his first glimpse of the Columbia, 300 or 400 miles farther up!

We waked in the morning on the Oregon desert, not 100 miles from Portland, all the beautiful scenery behind us. And six hours late! For six hours of the long night we had spent on side tracks up in the mountains, waiting for the clearing away of a bad freight wreck (no lives lost) just ahead.

Then I remembered that the fifth of October was down in the astrologer's predictions as a day of tangles! and we who had had no tangles of our own—in spite of the day!—were coming in on the edge of other people's snarls. I smiled to myself!—and resolved to go easy and help smooth things as much as possible.

When a through train gets so far behind it is next to impossible to make up the time. Too many other trains ahead that *are* on time, and that must not be held up to enable the delayed train to pass. A two- or three- or four-track line, such as we are sure to have eventually, would obviate this delay.

We made up much time on the long stretches, but lost more on the sidings. At Ogden we were eight hours late, and we arrived at Salt Lake away after dark. Again we waited. At last we were off, about ten hours late, for Denver, via the Denver & Rio Grande R. R., "the Scenic Line of the World."

We saw the great Royal Gorge by

daylight, and the Grande Canyon we viewed from an open observation car on a bright moonlight night, and thought about hold-ups and things! This experience pretty *nearly* paid for missing Salt Lake. There is nothing else like the play of moonlight and shadow in this great canyon, which fully satisfies, in daylight or dark, our instinct for the sublime in nature.

Just before we entered the Grande Canyon word went through the train that we had overtaken and were following along behind the train which left Salt Lake at 3:30 p. m.—the very train we expected to be on! Its engine was derailed in the west end of the Canyon and the engineer or fireman hurt, the passengers badly shaken and scared, but no one killed. They had just got righted again as we overtook them. Some more tangles we had just barely escaped!—which delayed us another hour or two.

We expected to reach Denver at 10:20 a. m., October 9, and we arrived at about two o'clock Monday morning! Imagine hunting a hotel in a strange city at that hour! But we knew what one to seek, and a bus stood at the station door.

But we waked bright and ready for the sights at eight o'clock. And before we were half ready to go out, came a box of beautiful carnations with Mrs. Joel T. Shackelford's card. She was waiting for us!

The last time I was in Denver for a few hours I spent the time visiting Shelton and "Lady Blanche" and the baby, and dining with Mr. and Mrs. Shackelford and their family. *This* time I decided that we'd better do as William advised—see something of the city *first* and see folks if we had time. And Denver is such a fine big place, and Annie Shackelford such a good guide, and we women such good chatterers!—that we only saw one individual besides each other, and he happened to be right in our

way. We made a brief call upon J. Howard Cashmere, editor of *The Balance*, whose nice down-town quarters are at 1700 Welton street.

The first thing we did was to take a "seeing-Denver" automobile tour. William said afterward that he didn't see how I could tell what Denver was like when Annie and I were so absorbed in such deep problems of life and living, and styles and new houses!

But I think I carried with me a pretty clear impression of big, broad, straight-streeted, high-minded, union-troubled Denver, with its miles of as handsome stone-built and lawn-surrounded homes as you will see anywhere in the land, with its elegant apartments for transients, and its wide, clean streets, the residential ones lined with young shade trees, with its substantial but not too sky-scrapy business blocks, its extensive and beautiful big park, its good looking girls and fine looking men.

William thinks Denver's big park the finest he has seen anywhere. It certainly is well laid out and planted, and well kept; but I don't like such flat land! Jackson park at Chicago pleases me better. And the City park in Portland, too. But the green things have a poor chance in Chicago, poor things, because of the soft coal smoke. Chicago will shed tears later if it does not wake pretty quickly and abate that nuisance. The park keepers and the poor trees do their best, but the leaves look shrivelled and gray and sickly. Chicago air is now pretty nearly a porridge of coal smoke, pork and "Chicago tongue." I don't wonder the leaves on the trees get discouraged. But that's another story.

There is no porridge around Denver!—which is a mile or so above sea level. The air is so clear and rare that it effects you like champagne. And it is so pure and dry that garbage thrown out sim-

ply dries to powder, instead of breeding maggots. No wonder Denver air is considered death on tuberculosis bacilli. It is also death on the hair and skin, Annie says; makes them dry and harsh. However, I noticed no apparent lack of these desirables in the people we saw on the streets.

We took dinner at noon at the cafe of one of Denver's best department stores, where Annie said a great many business men as well as women, go for the noon meal. It is a very nice place, and the store itself will compare well with New York or Chicago stores. There were no vegetarian restaurants in Denver, so far as we could learn.

In the afternoon we went out to Lafayette street to see the new home of Mr. and Mrs. Shackelford, an artistic little beauty, with wide verandas, the dearest big living room, with beamed ceiling and stone fire-place, and a thrifty garden and strawberry patch in the yard! We viewed every room and corner, and looked into every closet and peeked into the basement laundry, and in the store rooms our mouths watered over the rows and rows of fresh fruits, jellies and jams, all done in glass for winter use. And one of the nice, big Shackelford boys was keeping house and minding the furnace, and getting the vegetables ready for the boiled dinner they were going to have that evening, just as Chester used to do for me when he was that age. How I wanted to stay and have a finger in that boiled dinner, with the vegetables all out of that neat garden! But our train *would n't* wait.

We left Denver at 5 p. m.—on time! Then for Kansas City and the Unity folks! We felt as if we had run clean out of the tangle vibrations!—hoped the Missouri Pacific would be able to keep the promises made for it by the conductor, who assured us they *always* got in

on time. We had allowed only about four and one-half hours of time in Kansas City, arriving at 5:50 p. m., so we felt that minutes counted.

The conductor had not much more than closed his lips on his assurances when we found ourselves sidetracked again!—up train from Pueblo late; only one track here for all lines; had to wait. Due in Pueblo 8:15 p. m., arrived about 9! Not very bad, the conductor said, considering that all the trains from the west were late; make it up out on the Kansas prairies.

Kansas is a beautiful, fertile, rolling country. But we did not make up the lost time. Arrived in Kansas City over an hour late—and an hour or two earlier than we began to expect!

But it was dark, so we saw only a big place with lots of electric lights everywhere.

And there was Edgar Prather and a lady to meet us, who made us wonder how we could have imagined Kansas City dark and unattractive!

All we wanted *especially* to see were Unity folks and headquarters. Here were two good specimens of the folks, and they insisted that there was plenty of time for us to take a car up to 913 Tracy avenue and see the headquarters. So we went—on one of the very large, nice street cars which Kansas City purchased of the St. Louis exposition people.

Edgar E. Prather is a much nicer, heartier and handsomer man than I expected to see. He is a tall, young fellow, and radiates Western sunshine and breeze. But he is all business on paper, and I rather expected formality or self-effacement,—and found neither. The Unity people have a trick of effacing personality, *in their writings*, and then making much of the personal in their practice.

Fifteen minutes on the car and we were at 913 Tracy avenue, the new head-

quarters which Unity has recently purchased. It is a good sized wooden residence of two stories and a high basement. There were lights in every window.

"Mr. and Mrs. Fillmore are in Chicago," said Mr. Prather, "and Miss Croft, too, is away; but there will be some here to meet us." And he ushered us up the front steps, through the hall, and into three parlors full of happy looking men and women! All smiling a greeting at us! Then before we had time to get our bearings we were in the midst of hand shakings, introductions, laughing, talking, meetings with old friends and new, and—a luncheon! Those dear women had provided delicious sandwiches, filled with something besides meat, and cakes and fruit galore, with which to refresh us and the friends who had been awaiting us a whole hour! We had a regular little church *sociable* then and there, just such as I used to delight in and work for in Mount Tabor, Oregon. Only this one was a *new thought* sociable, with more smiles and freedom and fun than the old ones afforded.

And we went all over the new quarters, from garret to basement, from Jennie Croft's sanctum to the composing and mailing rooms. And Mr. Prather told us about the new building which is to go up on this land as their permanent quarters.

The three large, pleasant parlors, opening together with folding doors, are used for many meetings, and for social gatherings; for Unity people, unlike *The Nautilus* people, do a great local work in addition to their publishing.

We staid with the Unity folks as long as we dared, and Mr. Prather, with a box under his arm, accompanied us to the train, which was to leave at 9:15 p. m. And this time Miss Filkin went with us, to whom Mr. Prather was married

the next week. And at parting Mr. Prather left the box with us, as a reminder of the good will and generosity of the friends we had so happily met in Kansas City—a box full of good things to eat!

Surely, with all this good will and radiance in heart and atmosphere, we *couldn't* touch even the outer edge of another tangle! We left Kansas City on time, and the conductor declared the Mo. P. never, *never* was late into St. Louis. So we went smilingly off to the land of rosy dreams where we floated among beautiful faces, flowers, fruit perfume and—sandwiches!

We sped into St. Louis at 7:05 the next morning—two minutes *ahead* of time, as the conductor obligingly crowed!

But St. Louis is another story, which must wait for the next instalment.

* * * * *

Did we mind the delays? Not at all, except that we regretted Salt Lake a bit at the time. But we promised ourselves to see it next time!

And we *knew* everything worked for good. And every waking hour brought its own unexpected pleasures, its special experiences which we would have missed had we made the schedule time. We were both so busy with our experiences as they came, that neither of us wrote a line of "copy" on the train. I had resolved to write a goodly lot between Portland and Denver! And we slept like infants at night, ate everything in sight at noon, (no breakfast), a light supper in the evening, got out and took strolls when the train waited—once on top of the Rockies, 10,240 feet above sea level, where we picked up a piece of stone for a paper weight—read the news when we could get it, watched the people and the scenery a lot, played cards a bit, talked and thought some, and enjoyed it all like irresponsible kids.

(To be continued)

RELIGIOUS. Religious excitement, **EMOTIONALISM.** shouting, the antics of the "Holy Rollers," the wanderings of the Doukhobors and such, all belong to certain stages of human development. If you don't belong to that particular stage go your way in peace and leave others to do the same.

Such religious excitement is worked by hypnotism, and is a sort of obsession, in which reason is silenced and the emotions run rampant under the suggestions of the leader.

People who have lived *sordid* lives are very susceptible to emotional religious excitement. From an extreme of what might be called every-day rationalism and drudgery, routine, or *artificial living*, in which the emotions are persistently repressed, having no free play, one is ready to fly to the other extreme of denying reason, (which has been repressing emotion), while the let-loose emotions run away with one. Back and forth one may swing, many times, from dull and numbed every-day-ness to the high pitch of revival excitement, until at last he finds a sort of golden mean where reason, "common sense," can go hand in hand with emotion.

When he finds this golden mean, as everybody will in time, he responds no longer to religious emotionalism. A dull life of non-idealism, unthinking drudgery, and *instinctive* protest against conditions, makes Holy Rollerism possible. Religious excitement affords the most effective, if not the only, relief from such a life.

The cure for religious fanaticism is the cure for sordid drudgery. The cure for both is the transformation of the life by the renewing of the mind through a better understanding of self and its relation to the One Self. Not *less* religion, but *more* religion, will cure Holy Rollerism. Only as true religion—re-binding back in consciousness to God—

becomes a *natural* consciousness of every day and hour and moment, does the individual pass the stage of fanaticism.

An occasional sight or touch of God is full cause for the hysterics of religion. Only when one sees God in every bush and stick and stone, in every human soul and its motives, and especially in one's own heart and in the working out of his own ideals with his own hands and brain, —only then can he stand seeing God without being thrown into transports of fear or joy, according as he is himself on bad or good terms with God.

In the small mind, "familiarity breeds contempt." In the mind clear enough to see God, Good, in everything, familiarity breeds reverence and peace and a holy joy which *plays* freely through mind and body.

"The practice of the presence of God" is the one cure for fanaticism, the one mode of gaining and maintaining the golden mean of mental and spiritual balance.

Emotion is *soul-force*. It is the power which *e-motes* (moves outward from within) from the center of us. *Reason* is the floodgate which governs the flow of soul-force or emotion. This soul force is *life itself*—life of mind and body. In the sordid life, the life of unhappy drudgery, no emotion flows forth to regenerate body and mind. The soul force is dammed up within, pressing, pressing for expression. This sense of pressure is what revivalists call being "under conviction." At the right suggestion the gates of *reason* swing away and the emotional flood is loosed.

Emotional extremes are better than too much routine and sameness. Never doubt it. Better occasional religious hysterics, than stolid every-day-ness. Religious revivals are the best cure for many a mental and physical disease. And the people who are "converted" at every revival and promptly backslide the next week are the ones who need most that form of cure for the disease of self-re-

pression and artificial living. Better a little turning to the ideal once a year, a great loosing of the soul-forces to soften up the heart-hardness, than a steady diet of sordid thoughts and drudging acts.

Emotion is the life of us. Until we learn wisdom and let emotion *play* freely through us every day and hour, we need *periods* of refreshing, such as Sunday services and special revivals afford us. The farther away we live from the true life of oneness with the All-Good, the greater our need of such periods, and the more hysterical and unreasoning we become under their influence.

Consciousness must *grow* in wisdom and in knowledge. You can no more jump a Doukhobor or a Holy Roller over the stages of religious emotionalism and excess than you can jump a baby into instant grown-up-ness.

Thank heaven you can't. *Every* experience is precious, and when the individual grows wise enough he wouldn't have missed *one* of them for the world.

Let the Holy Rollers roll.

Let the Doukhobors seek their Savior until they find him at home in their own hearts.

And don't be ashamed of a little religious emotion on your own account.

Religious emotion is *enthusiasm*. Without it, *rightly directed*, no great and good work was ever accomplished.

True art is well directed religious enthusiasm.

The great work of Dr. Bernardo is the outcropping of religious emotion.

The Carnegie fortunes and work are more outcroppings of the same soul-power.

Standard oil is another outcropping of religious enthusiasm, perhaps not always wisely directed.

Roosevelt's success is due to religious enthusiasm.

Religious enthusiasm is the life of all great and good things, of all things that *live*.

Despise not the day of religious fanaticism.

IDEALS, THEORIES
AND FOLKS.

Some of our readers seemed not to understand all my remarks about the marriage theories of Edgar Wallace Conable and the irrepressible Shelton. One lady wants to know if I "mean to laugh at the ideal—or simply that of living up to it, in the present state of man's development."

Neither one.

And Shelton declares he never heard the noise when his theories exploded, as I said they did after his marriage with "Lady Blanche."

But that is no proof that his theories did not explode. We hear noises every day and go to the door to see who it is, only to find it was the man overhead tacking down a rug or something.

Probably such was the case with Shelton. At any rate I had it from him by word of mouth that some of his theories of marriage *did* explode. And he told my friend Annie G. Shackelford and she told me that when a certain *one* of his theories proved unworkable he never was so dumb-founded in his life.

But I should have qualified what I said about Thomas J.'s theories—I should have said *some* of his theories exploded.

But I never said anybody's *ideals* exploded, or ought to.

An ideal is a beautiful dream toward which we are moving. A theory is a working hypothesis, an imaginary route to the ideal. A strong ideal will surely be realized somewhere, sometime, even though every one of our theories is knocked into flinders.

A theory may be exploded; but an ideal continues through ten thousand explosions. A theory is of the earth, which Spangler says will explode in 1908; but an ideal is of the soul, which skips to Mars, Venus or the sun, when the earth goes up in smoke.

When Thomas J. intimates that some

of his theories did not explode he's fooling thee; or else he is confounding his *ideal* of soul-mating, love, joy, comradeship, with his *theories* as to *how* two soul mates are to act and feel after marriage, and *how* their marriage is to result to themselves and the world.

Conable goes into marriage with different theories from Shelton's and with no apparent ideals! I prophesy that marriage will dissipate some of his theories and reveal an ideal akin to Shelton's own!

I believe that every soul, human or animal, glimpses at times the soul-mate ideal; that all life is a search for true companionship; *that every soul desires it*. And I am serenely certain that in due time every soul will realize its desire.

I surmise that in Conable this ideal has been obscured by the dust of past explosions, so he is almost *afraid* to acknowledge such an ideal. He turns his back upon it and tries to realize a true love marriage under the name of business! Shelton being a man of faith, pushes on through his broken theories, still seeking his ideal.

Yes, I believe in ideals, and I believe we *are realizing them now*. But we do so much fussing, and spend so much time building card houses of theories, and crying when they tumble down that we don't know it.

We know our soul-mates and our God, but we don't *know* that we know. We are asleep. Wake us! Wake us to know that it is all a beautiful children's game, instead of a tragedy.

Most of us married folks squabble every day with our soul-mates, and some of us get divorces from them, all because we mistake the *play* of life for a poky Shakespearean tragedy.

*Laugh not for Good Fortune, for I Myself
am Good Fortune.—Walt Whitman.*

EVERY MAN MAY BE HIS OWN SPIRIT GUIDE.

"Pardon me for making a slight, good natured, criticism of the article, 'Every Man His Own Spirit Guide.' First let me say, that I was highly gratified by its indirect endorsement of the claims of spiritualism, because, while I know nothing of myself concerning the proofs of its phenomena and teachings, I would like much to be convinced of their truth. Now for the criticism: You find fault with Spiritualism because it 'gives us a lot of spirits' to teach and instruct in ways of truth and wisdom, whereas New Thought teaches individual independence.

"Well, is not your comparison a contradiction of the facts as shown forth in the deeds of both cults? One may teach dependence, and the other teach independence, but if man is really sufficient unto himself in his present estate, why teach him anything at all? The very fact that New Thought literature is being widely disseminated, and its periodicals springing up all over the land proves that many 'good spirits' feel it incumbent upon them to instruct the great army of the uninformed. I see no difference in this one respect between Spiritualism and Newthoughtism. The great majority of us appear to be in possession of wonderful tools which we know not the meaning nor the use of, and so we are making of them instruments of torture or degrading them to menial uses, and will so continue until taught by courageous spirits of an experimental and investigating turn of mind, and then each in turn as he advances will offer the light to those behind who are beginning to grope darkly.

"I believe that we are thus shown to be both dependent and independent inasmuch as instead of being separate entities, we are each one member of the whole body of universal mankind, and every one of us, in the highest sense, his brother's keeper. And we cannot avoid influencing one another for good or ill, even if we would. It seems to me that in your article on Hinduism you have proved its weakness to consist in this very separateness, this aloofness from all others, while in America we go to the other extreme and conform too much."

—K. D. Goodbar, Charleston, Ark.

The writer of the above pretty good letter seems to have missed entirely the point of the article referred to—perhaps because he "would like much to be convinced" that spirits out of the body are infallible guides.

I did not intimate that spirits can teach us nothing, or that teaching has no place in the human-divine economy, nor that we are totally "independent" beings. We are *all* spirits, all teachers, all students, all independent—and all *inter-dependent* beings.

Here is exactly the point: If human beings have sense enough to treat the messages of "spirit friends" as they treat the messages of their friends in the flesh, they can "investigate" spiritualism as much as they please without injury to themselves or others.

When a man gets a message through *The Nautilus* he weighs it, considers, accepts, modifies or rejects it according as it agrees or not with his own God-given good sense and high ideals. He knows the message comes from another human being, not far from an equal with himself, liable to err, and yet liable to be able to put him onto a new truth.

When the same man gets a message from a "spirit friend" he swallows it whole whether there is any sense to it or not! He thinks it must be so because a spirit said so! Just as good Catholics used to think a thing was so because the priest said so.

It is this putting of a "spirit friend" (be he Moses, Jesus, Ingersoll, Indian or Hottentot according to the spirit's own profession) on a footing of infallibility, that I object to. It is this blind credulity, the believing a thing as so simply because a "spirit friend" says so, that I advised against in that article.

When a man has found his spirit guide in his own soul he may consult with impunity all the spirit friends in the flesh or out—after he has decided what to do!

Shelton tells about how he used to ask his "spirit guide" who it was, and what; and the answers conflicted. Then Shelton got mad and insisted upon having the *truth* about it; whereupon the guide replied, "*I am yourself.*" Since that there is no more conflict of testimony from Shelton's "guide."

When you know your "spirit guide" is *yourself* you can safely trust it to lead you, and you can have patience with its mistakes and encourage it to

keep on guiding until you learn how to catch its messages and obey them. Your eye is single and your body and mind full of light.

But when you give yourself up to the guidance of every Tom, Dick and Harry of the "spirit world" your own spirit, shorn of its true office, the guidance of you, becomes an irresponsible and an erratic weakling, leaving you to be guided hither and yon and everywhere by any spirit that happens along.

What becomes of the man who is always seeking advice from his friends? He always does the wrong thing, and turns out a miserable irresolute and weakling. *Too many spirits leading him, too many changes in his course.*

The result is just the same whether he consults other spirits in the flesh or out. This wavering and irresolution result in disease, weakness, failure. The fact that such a large proportion of mediums and Spiritualists "enjoy poor health" is significant.

Anywhere in the world that you find persons who are always consulting others about what they shall do, always "wondering" what to do, always wondering afterward if it wouldn't have been better to do the other thing,—wherever you find this state of irresolution and changeableness you find weakness and disease.

Where a man consults his own self-guide and pushes straight ahead, you find power, health and success.

TO BREAK A BAD HABIT, GROW A GOOD ONE.

The only way to overcome procrastination is to quit procrastinating. Forget the very word procrastination, and set in to cultivate the *do-it-now* habit. The more persistently you work at the new habit the more quickly it will be established. And the more faith and fun you put into the practice the easier it will be.

Anent Books and Things.

—We have not space to notice all the books and other things which are being sent us for review. We must draw a new line. Hereafter we will make no mention in this department of music, motto cards, etc., or of any other thing not directly classed as books. And we will not *promise* to review paper bound books or small pamphlets, unless we happen to think them of very special interest to our readers. Of course we "reserve the right to refuse" notice to any or all books, big or little, cloth or paper, that we happen to think our readers will not be interested in.

—"Passion Flowers;" a song for mezzo voice, by Alberta Knowles Wallace, Augusta, Ky. Price, 25 cents.

—"Poems of Hope," by Rosa M. Gladish-Johnson, 3421 Olive street, St. Louis, Mo., are tuneful little stories. Price, 25 cents.

—"Self-Cure" is an interesting essay by Stinson Jarvis, well known as the author of "The Ascent of Life." Fifteen pages, paper; price 50 cents. Address the author, Box 16, Los Angeles.

—The Science Press (Republic Building, Chicago) have issued James Lane Allen's good book, "As a Man Thinketh," in a handsome binding of ooze calf with boards, stamped in sepia. There are sixty-two pages printed on the finest of paper. Price, 60 cents, postpaid.

—Beginning with the February number *Tom Watson's Magazine* (121 West 42d street, N. Y.), is going to leave the *Tom* off and raise the price to \$1.50 a year. Sample copy free if you mention *Nautilus*, and subscriptions at the old \$1.00 rate up to March 31. Every home needs a little Tom Watson.

—From George Osbond of The Power Book Co., Wimbledon, S. W., London, we are in receipt of two neat little booklets. "Mental Art, or The Art of Mind Development," by Samuel George, 108 small pages, price about 40 cents, postpaid. "Jesus-mas or Christ-mas?"—by Samuel George, 16 pages; price, 15 cents.

—William Walker Atkinson has become assistant editor of *The Segnogram*, of Los Angeles, and has entered into a partnership with A. Victor Segno which will probably keep him permanently in the City of Angels and flowers. These two men are a team to draw loads of friends and success. Here's their heart's desires to them and their work.

—Mrs. Excell-Lynn writes us that Ohio has had a real new thought convention of its own. On October 25 last they held a "Harvest Home and Convention" at Mrs. Lynn's "Christ Way Park" and cottage at Akron Heights, about a mile out of Akron, O., which was attended by 50 people or so. Mrs. Lynn tells about it in her little *Christ's Way* paper.

—*To-Morrow Magazine* (2238 Calumet avenue, Chicago) is growing in size and interest. The editor is waking up. Maybe the bronco's kick had something to do with it—not a "finger in the pie" perhaps, but maybe a hoof somewhere near it. The best thing in January *To-Morrow* is the "Baby Margaret" frontispiece; and Sercombe Himself, and several others shine forth from other pages.

—"Mental Healing," by Leander Edmund Whipple, is one of the new thought classics which gave me much light and inspiration when I greatly needed it. This scholarly, lucid and quite original book is now in its fifth edition. Nearly three hundred pages, richly bound in dark blue cloth and gold, price, \$1.60 postpaid; published by The Metaphysical Publishing Company, N. Y.

—*The Culturist* is a brand new and attractive magazine edited by Walter Hurt, Station M, Cincinnati, and devoted to "ethics, sociology, economics, esthetics and science of rational living." "Punishment and Its Function," by Clarence Darrow, is the first article in Vol. 1, No. 1. And about all the writers in the land are listed as contributors. This first taste is good. May the new journal realize its editor's highest expectations. Price, \$1.00 per year.

—"Right and Wrong Thinking and Their Results" is a new book by Aaron M. Crane, whose study of the teachings

of Jesus has been profound. It is said that "in the practical application of the principles Mr. Crane teaches he has no superior." This new book will delight his old friends and bring him many new readers and admirers. Published by Lothrop, Lee & Shepard, Boston; well bound in dark green cloth and gold; 361 pages; price, \$1.50, postpaid.

—"Mister Bill," by Albert E. Lyons, is the story of "A Man" who begins by doing some good things, and continues by preaching more good things in the way of equality and humanity, and ends by marrying the heroine after she has lost all her money. The story deals with labor troubles and their solution. Published by Richard G. Badger, Boston, 319 pages, well bound in red cloth and gold, with a sketch of "Mr. Bill." No price given, probably \$1.50.

—Here is a handsome volume bound in blue boards, with a beautiful title page vignette of Friedrich Schiller, which is a reproduction of his seal. It is a well illustrated biography of Schiller, by Dr. Paul Carns. After the biography comes a summing up of Schiller as "A Philosophical Poet," followed by nine of his poems. The book contains 102 large pages, 6½x9½ inches. Price, 75 cents. Published by The Open Court Pub. Co., 1322 Wabash avenue, Chicago.

—"The Companionship of Books and Other Papers" is an entertaining volume written by Rev. Frederic Rowland Marvin. It is a series of essays on all sorts of people and writings, from Emerson and Brook Farm, and Father Damien's accusers and defenders, to "Old Jeff," the ducky, and from Dust and Death to "Clear Spiritual Atmosphere"; from Dante in the original to "Forgotten American Poets"; from Stage-Fright to the "Significance of Precious Stones." All talked about in a kindly, sensible, charming way that will please those readers who like honest opinion and human nature and no shocks. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, N. Y.; 320 pages; no price given, probably \$1.50. Well bound in maroon and gold.

What I want is frankness, confidence, less conventionality and freer play of soul.—Dickens.

New Thought in the Kitchen

Conducted by R. M. FLETCHER BERRY.

I've just read a good new story of a professional woman, a devotee of breakfast foods, who had a different one served her each morning until the boxes of the long line of cereals on her pantry shelves had each had a turn. One day while finishing her breakfast, her waitress-housemaid rushed in, glanced wildly at the table, gasping, "Did you eat what was in that saucer?" And both mistress and maid were almost in despair that the whole saucer of bird seed, inadvertently left a few moments on the table, should have gone the way of other cereals. Variety is a good thing, bird-seed, also, in its way, and so, too, with reservations, are breakfast foods. There is a way of varying the latter, however, without bird-seed, which we, as Americans, should seize upon if for nothing else than to explain and exploit our passion for the national nut, the progressive peanut. Heretofore we have chiefly exploited only our liking for it by eating it between meals. Peanut butter is to an extent appreciated and peanuts for little cakes, but we prove our real lack of understanding by nibbling at odd times ten million dollars' worth of peanuts each year, loading our stomachs with the most concentrated kind of food just when we don't need it, and by *not* making use of the good old southern "goober" in the place of less nutritious foods at table. There is a lack of balance in this as much as in eating breakfast foods in helter-skelter fashion, two or three times a day, and probably all by themselves. Try combining them with the peanut.

The allurements of alliteration are irresistible in speaking of the peanut, its power potent in many ways; in reality a most wonderful nut. Yet not a nut, more of a ground pea, partaking of the good of both nuts and peas, apparently, and nearly every adjective of value beginning with the letter "P," applies to it; all—Pat. In its great proportion of protein, as it happens, lies, in addition to its fat, the great value of the peanut. Few grades of peanuts* fall below twenty-six or twenty-seven per cent of protein (per cent in the kernel—without moisture), this being higher than the amount of protein contained in the average best cuts of the most nourishing meat. Dr. Atwater gives a lower average percentage; 19.3 in the best rib rolls, for instance, and 19.5 in peanuts. Professor Koenig, a German food scientist, announces the peanut as the most nutritious and cheapest of the twelve principal foods he enumerates, the only ones approaching it in high nutritive value, being bacon and butter, and in low cost, peas, potatoes and rye flour. Rice, beef, veal, skim milk, full milk and skim milk cheese constitute the other members of the group.

We eat peanuts of foreign growth in much of the "olive" oil imported, but it is clearer than the oil of the olive. And foreigners

know its value for soap, for machines and feed for stock or humans, in meal or compressed cakes. In "war times" our southern women used the oil for shortening, the nuts for food, and after the northern soldiers took this information home peanut butter came into general use in the United States.

The cost of peanuts is sometimes but thirty-five cents per peck, usually not higher than five cents per quart, unroasted; the best, cheapest and least troublesome (in shelling) of all nuts, if to be chopped or boiled; but, as an adjunct to breakfast or luncheon they may be permitted to appear at table either with or without coats. Roast them in the oven or stir in shallow pans on top of the stove whether hulled or not.

MENU.

BREAKFAST.

Oranges. Any Wheat Food with Peanuts and Maple Syrup. Coffee.

LUNCHEON NO. I.

Peanut Sandwiches or Junket. Raisins. Cocoa.

LUNCHEON NO. II.

Tomatoes on Toast. Peanuts on Lettuce with Dressing. Cup Custard.

DINNER.

Baked Herb Omelet. Baked Sweet Potatoes. Creamed Turnips or Spinach. Lettuce and Apple Salad. Banana Rolled in Chopped Nuts.

SUPPER.

Cream of Peanut Soup. Rye Bread and Butter. Stewed Apricots. Chocolate Saltines.

BREAKFAST: Some one of the many uncooked, flaked wheat-foods may be used, or a cooked preparation. With either serve two tablespoons of the cereal with a tablespoon of chopped peanuts and a little maple syrup. It is true that wheat itself contains a goodly amount of protein, but it has almost no fat. This the peanuts supply. Cream, of course, might be used for the same reason, instead of nuts, but not milk. The maple syrup will not give too much of the carbohydrates if used.

LUNCHEON NO. I. DIRECTIONS: *Peanut Sandwiches:* The kernels chopped fine and spread between wheat bread (just a little butter) gives about the same combination as for breakfast. Junket, made with new milk, may be substituted as it contains a certain amount of fat, and the cocoa has a good percentage of all-around food constituents. Directions come with each package of junket tablets, the cost being ten cents for twelve. (Each makes one quart). Raisins are one of the most nourishing of foods and furnish the most wholesome form of sugar possible to obtain.

LUNCHEON NO. II. Tomatoes on Toast: Get the whole tomatoes (canned) if possible. Place in a double boiler with a little chopped onion or celery. Heat thoroughly then carefully remove the tomatoes and place each on a piece of buttered toast, setting the platter in the open oven. Thicken the juice with a heaping tablespoon of flour mixed smooth with a tablespoon of melted butter. Season with pep-

* R. B. Handy.

per and salt and a little chopped onion or celery, pour over the tomatoes and toast.

Salad: Serve a tablespoon of peanuts, chopped or whole (removing skins), on crisp lettuce with French dressing of oil and vinegar or mayonnaise. This is sufficient fat, in addition to the nuts to give the right proportion. Vinegar usually retards digestion, but mixed with oil is a proper combination.

Cup Custards: Beat together three tablespoons of sugar, a saltspoon of salt and four eggs (whites and yolks together). Add gradually a quart of warmed milk and flavoring desired. Pour into cups. Set in a pan of boiling water and bake in moderate oven until well set. (Eggs lack in starch, but are rich in albumen, protein and fat.)

DINNER. Herb Omelet—Baked: In a double boiler place one-half pint of milk, thickening with a half-cup of flour rubbed smooth with a little cold water. Stir into this when quite hot the whipped yolks of six eggs, with salt and pepper to taste, a minced onion and a teaspoon each of powdered parsley and thyme. Pour into serving dish and bake for twenty minutes. Serve immediately.

Sweet Potatoes: The oven has served for the baking of the potatoes, putting them in in sufficient time to allow for their being done as the omelet is set in. Place them in a colander over hot water and cover with a cloth till ready to serve dinner. They are better thus than when first taken from the oven. potatoes furnish the starch lacking in the omelet.

Turnips and Spinach: Spinach is a much richer vegetable than the turnip, in protein, fat and mineral matter; the turnip has more of the carbohydrates as well as bulk. Like "Grapes from the South" and "Malaga Grapes," turnips are good but spinach is better, and is generally in market in February everywhere. The latter is most excellent for the blood and liver because of the great proportionate quantity and value of the mineral salts contained in it. A peck of spinach is not too much for six persons as it cooks down enormously. Wash thoroughly (at least three times) and place the leaves in an uncovered stew pan with a pinch of soda and a quart of boiling water poured over. The young leaves will cook in a few minutes, but older ones will require from fifteen to twenty minutes. Cook rapidly until tender then drain in colander; chop, add salt and pepper and return to the stew pan for five minutes. This time covered. Let stand five minutes, then add a pinch of nutmeg, two tablespoons each of butter and cream and serve at once.

Turnips should be peeled, chopped fine and placed in boiling water, allowing them thereafter to cook very gently till clear and white. (Old turnips require at least forty minutes.) Drain and mash fine, adding salt, pepper and butter to taste, or cream with dressing as for Creamed Onions (January Number).

Lettuce and Apple Salad: Peel, core and chop juicy, tart apples and serve on lettuce with oil and vinegar.

Banana Rolled in Chopped Nuts: Skin the whole banana and scrape it; dip quickly in milk and then in chopped nuts. Serve with milk, adding for each banana a spoonful of whipped white of egg, with a little sugar and drop of flavoring. Bananas contain very little fat or protein, these the milk, egg and nut supply.

SUPPER. Cream of Peanut Soup: Soak over night a pint of peanut kernels in two quarts of water. Next morning add two quarts of water, a little celery seed, a small minced onion, with salt and white pepper to taste, and a blade of mace or bay leaf. Let simmer six or seven hours (avoid burning). Rub through sieve and re-heat. Just before serving add a cup of cream.

Rye bread has just about the same amount of protein as wheat bread, less fat and more of the carbohydrates. Fruits in general lack fat and protein. Their great play is on the carbohydrates and fruit acids, but dried apricots have an unusual amount of protein, more than dried apples or even figs or raisins. Wash, soak over night and cook slowly, adding sugar at the last.

Spread saltines with a little melted sweet, or bitter chocolate, sweetened with sugar, not too much, as chocolate is a substantial food in itself.

WHAT THE NEW THOUGHT IS. New thought is the practical and universal application of the principles of love, the very oldest and greatest thing in the world.

Love we have always had with us; always there have been a few who understood its principles and aimed to apply it in their own lives (see 1 Cor. XIII); but only now is the knowledge of the golden rule, the love rule, becoming anything like universally practical.

In the time of Jesus it cost people their lives to practice or even talk about any religion but the formal kind. Even now we can't talk about it too loudly, or practice it too ostentatiously. But the idea of love and freedom and heart-worship, the "new thought," has permeated humanity far enough to afford a measure of countenance to those who believe and try to practise it. This is the "new" part of this very old thought.

The new thought is the thought of letting folks live up to the best of what the world has always known.

THINGS THAT MAKE FOR SUCCESS.

A Correspondence Department.

Conducted by The Editor.

If you have discovered something that makes for success, or if you have seen some one find and surmount, or remove an obstacle to success, let us hear about it.

We hope to publish herein many bright thoughts from our readers, each over the name of the writer, unless a nom de plume is substituted.

Letters for this department, which must not be too long, should be plainly written, on one side of the paper only, and should not be mixed up with other matters of any description.

To the writer of the most helpful success letter published (as a whole or in part) in this department of each number of the magazine, we will send THE NAUTILUS for two years, to any address, or two addresses, he may designate.

To the writer of the best letter or portion of a letter printed in six months, we will send \$5.00 in money, in addition to the subscriptions. Prize winners announced in number following publication of their letters.—EDITOR.

Success Letter No. 1.

I do not know when I first installed an "Aim to please!" I have found it a first class motto for a captain of industry or for the least of his crew, or even for the cabin boy. It is a popular commercial averment—you have seen it on business cards and advertisements. I placed that first on my code of action many years ago.

It is nearly forty years ago that I went to a New Hampshire city to work for a man who "didn't know his business." The men of my trade all told me so when I was the tenth man in as many weeks to go to work for him. His fault was that he would have his way and he would have work done as he dictated. None of us like a dictator. I do not. But when it comes to having one's way I recognized that it was the employer not the workman who is entitled to that. If I should not work to please the man who pays me my wages who should I work to please? This employer proved to be just what he was complained of as being. When he ordered me to alter work that I felt proud of and thought was just right—I recognized his right to have it his own way and cheerfully changed it. I was aiming to please him. After I had been working with him three months he seemed to think that everything that I did was just right, and I was trusted as never before for the remainder of my term of service with him, which I terminated upon an offer nineteen

months later of salary larger than he could afford to pay. When I bade him adieu there were tears on our eyelashes. He followed me to the cars and finally said if I would return he would make me a half partner in his business; and when I told him I had not money enough to buy one-half of his business, he replied, "I will take what money you have in the bank and your note for the remainder." In spite of it all we parted—but we parted having the highest regard for each other—a regard that has worn until this day. "Aiming to please" is the path to success.—C. P. WATTS.

Letter No. 2.

When the average man uses the term success he means houses, lands, a bank account, farm, mental attainment or social position; when the Spirit says success it means growth, development, unfoldment, evolution.

The roadside weed is successful when it makes the best growth possible to it under existing environments of soil, climate and weather.

The caterpillar achieves success as it weaves its snug cocoon and confidentially makes preparations to don butterfly wings when the spring breezes blow.

The beast of the field attains success when his rudimentary soul reaches ever so little outward and upward and so prepares itself for the reception of human reasoning powers in later incarnations.

The savage of the tropic jungles is a success when his beclouded soul dimly groping among the shadows of ignorance, stretches vague hands toward his Creator.

And civilized man achieves success when he ceases to chase after will-o'-the-wisps and follows the God-light that ever beckons him onward.

Life, whether in flower or insect, beast, bird or man, is always a success when it is striving to attain its ideal, be that ideal high or low.

But the crowning success of all is when civilized man, while yet living on a material

plane, glimpses the infinite possibilities of spiritual existence, and breaking at last through his shell of self-imposed limitations, spreads his wings in the Boundless Blue.—
Jessie L. Bronson, Greensboro Bend, Vt.

Letter No. 3.

"I had some old grudges that persisted in creeping in on my thoughts, and those miserable ill natured feelings were eating the sweetness out of my life. Everything is different since I have a glimpse of the blessed New Thought. Old grudge is fast disappearing, and flowing into his place is Tender Kindness. This is beautiful success to me. I have always thought that success must mean dollars and cents, and when money comes honestly it is very good; but there are different kinds of success, and I have won one of them."—Mary Knecht, 893 Felton avenue, Columbus, O.

Letter No. 4.

The Infinite Spirit guides if we *will* to live in its light; and with that never-failing help we learn to love and obey the laws that lead to the highest pinnacle of success, the perfect man, and in that pathway the material and spiritual needs greet our happy vision.—Fannie C. Dale, 602 East Fourteenth street, Little Rock, Ark.

Letter No. 5.

Doing your work with a hearty will,

Doing it honest and true.

Don't care what your neighbor is doing

But do the work right, that you do.

Put in the full time that you're paid for,

Don't give them one minute less.

If you will practice this rule for a while

You'll find that it makes for success.

—Mrs. Rose M. Johnson, 3421 Olive street, St. Louis.

Letter No. 6.

The one great requisite for success, *character*, means the happy combination of self-restraint, self-reliance and self-respect. James A. Garfield had this combination. He knew what the old philosopher meant when he said, "I hold; I am not held." He knew the meaning was, "I master my pleasures; my pleasures do not master me." Therefore, as one of the safest guideposts for anyone who would journey the way to success, we would quote from President Garfield his wisdom on this subject, gained from a life of rich and noble service and crystallized in this brief sentence: "The best equipment any young man can have for life is a full set of clean habits."

Generally in observing a particularly successful man some one element seems to be very conspicuous, and we hastily assign his success to that one element. However, if we observe carefully we will find that many elements of success are combined to produce the result. Moreover, many men achieve success in large measure in spite of serious faults, but these faults obviously hinder them from attaining their loftiest ideals. The best and safest plan is to be actuated by a constant desire to perfect yourself physically, intellectually and morally. Appropriate for yourself all the desirable qualities of successful men, and eliminate their faults. Associate with successful men. These three rules for forming habit and founding character are good: "Launch out boldly. Never suffer an exception to occur. Do each day some gratuitous service."

Do what you can do, not what you may wish to do.

Be cheerful and enthusiastic in your work. Don't be a fault finder. Don't wait for things to "turn up." Be ready when a position or promotion from your present position calls you. Preparation is the key to opportunity. Always strive to do better than your best. Your ideal should be a constantly ascending star. Improve your spare moments. Make everything bend to your purpose. *Mind Your Own Business. Make Yourself Necessary.*

—Garfield Inwood, Superintendent Public Schools, Vermontville, Mich.

FOR THE SELF-CONSCIOUS GIRL WHO WANTS A HUSBAND.

Rejoice in yourself and make the best of every good

point you have. Have *faith* in your own attractiveness. Just be a sweet, *natural* girl, and *believe in your ideal*, and you will have done your part, and will surely attract the desire of your heart. Whenever you think of it, tell yourself that the prince is coming to you—that you may find him at any turn in the road!—and that you are ready for him. Dwell on beautiful ideals, until they manifest in your face and your every gesture and expression! *They will.*

If you wish to see, close your eyes. The senses muffle the eternal truths, and we are lost in shadowy seemings.—Benjamin de Casseres.

THE FAMILY COUNSEL.

*"Oh, wad some power the giftie gie us
To see oursel's as ither's see us!
It wad frae mony a blunder free us,
And foolish notion."*

A DEPARTMENT OF
CONSULTATION AND SUGGESTION.
CONDUCTED BY ELIZABETH TOWNE.

In this department I will try to reply to the 1001 odds and ends of life-problems and home interests which are presented to me, answers to which are not of general enough interest to make them suitable for the regular reading pages of *The Nautilus*. Every reader is welcome to what advice and suggestion I can give, and I sincerely hope that with the aid of this department we can reach and help many more people. Welcome, all!—ELIZABETH TOWNE.

H. F. W.—Look for Riley M. Fletcher Berry's dissertation on coffee in March number of *The Nautilus*. I think it will answer all your queries.

C. S.—If you were not looking out of your windows, or watching out of the corner of your eye, you wouldn't know the neighbors are watching. Nothing like getting busy with your own affairs to make you unconcerned about your neighbor's doings and sayings. And if you live an honest, useful life what do you care how much your neighbors peek? Live happily and let 'em look.

M. E. C.—A little fasting is good under any conditions. Yes, I believe fasting, plain food, well chewed, full breathing, plenty of pure water and a cheerful mind will cure Bright's disease, as well as any other. All sorts of bending exercises are good for straightening "sway backs" or other abnormal curvatures of the spine. And all sorts of stretching exercises, bar exercises, etc., are good. And going to sleep a little while every day, lying flat on your back on the floor, no pillows, will take the kinks out of sway back or round shoulders.

J. A. S.—The way to cure a nagging woman is to quit twitching the rag. It takes two to cultivate the nagging habit, and either one can stop it by cultivating the soft-answer-and-kindly-silence habit. Do something kind for the nagger, and don't mind if she fails to appreciate it. Keep on doing kind things and never minding. In time the nagging will die out. There is only one other way that I know of to stop a nagger, and that is to thrash her to a shut-up. But being a man you don't want to do that.

M. C. B.—There is no reason in astrology why two people of one sign should not marry. Better follow your own heart in this case. If you were younger I would say follow your reason! But the older people grow the more apt they are to get lost in the little endless labyrinths of reason. Only love lends wings to lift us above the labyrinth. In my opinion a poor marriage is better than none at all. Better love and a journey through hell, than smugness, smugness and no progress. And with most of us heaven is still on the farther side of hell. To follow our faiths and loves may lead

into hell, but it leads also through hell to heaven.

G. M.—Under the circumstances I should consider it your place to do willingly and cheerfully your full half of the extra work. Better an extra pail of coal and a little more than half the work, than to live in such a disease-breeding atmosphere of fault-finding and resistance. If you two women cannot live happily together, each doing cheerfully her full share, better dissolve partnership. Probably if you lived more of the new thought of good cheer and helpfulness your friend would find less new thought to jibe at. It is the people who profess things rather than live them, who stir up the condemnation of others.

H. L. B.—Accustom yourself to meeting people and you will outgrow self-consciousness. And when you are alone at work, think of yourself as working before lots of people and not caring a darn whether they admire you or your actions or not. Don't "act pretty" to please them; act to please yourself, and let your imaginary audience think as they please. "Whatever you are out with it!"—as Ernest Crosby enjoins. Be proud of yourself; consider yourself as good as the best; and as mean as the worst; and remember that the really valuable part of any man is that which is individual, which is different from others. Be your own angular, positive, knotty self, and know that those who are bright enough will value you for that selfness, and the rest aren't worth bothering about. And never let bashfulness keep you from going anywhere or doing anything. It is no disgrace to feel bashful; but it is cowardly and disgraceful and weak to let your bashful feelings rule you.

Make light of the bashfulness in your own mind and think about it as little as possible. And never talk about it. Under such self-training the habit of bashfulness will soon disappear.

B. S. C.—I never even saw a "ouiji board," so I doubt if my opinion on the matter is very valuable. I see no reason why there should not be made instruments delicate enough to register vibrations not recorded by eye or ear.

A spirit, in the body or out, might be able to talk through such a machine.

But I would not be too credulous of "messages" received from any spirit, whether in the flesh or not.

As to the "ouiji board" saying "No" when you "strongly willed" it to say yes, that may only prove that your own five per cent surface mind lives at cross purposes with your ninety-five per cent sub-mind. If it is the operator's spirit which moves the "ouiji board,"

The Little Widow.

A Mighty Good Sort of Neighbor to Have.

"A little widow, a neighbor of mine, persuaded me to try Grape-Nuts when my stomach was so weak that it would not retain food of any other kind," writes a grateful woman, from San Bernardino Co., Cal.

"I had been ill and confined to my bed with fever and nervous prostration for three long months after the birth of my second boy. We were in despair until the little widow's advice brought relief.

"I liked Grape-Nuts from the beginning, and in an incredibly short time it gave me such strength that I was able to leave my bed and enjoy my three good meals a day. In two months my weight increased from ninety-five to one hundred and thirteen pounds, my nerves had steadied down and I felt ready for anything. My neighbors were amazed to see me gain so rapidly and still more so when they heard that Grape Nuts alone had brought the change.

"My four year old boy had eczema, very bad, last spring and lost his appetite entirely, which made him cross and peevish. I put him on a diet of Grape-Nuts, which he relished at once. He improved from the beginning, the eczema disappeared and now he is fat and rosy, with a delightfully soft, clear skin. The Grape-Nuts diet did it. I will willingly answer all inquiries." Name given by Postum Company, Battle Creek, Mich.

There's a reason. Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in packages.

"Duty is marble, but love is the genius that makes marble beautiful."

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it is the sub-part of it, *not* the conscious or objective mind of him. The sub-mind being ninety-five per cent naturally has its own way in all these psychic manifestations.

One of our stenographers used to say "just as sure as she tells herself she *won't* make a mistake she *does* make a lot." She ordered and *bossed* herself, and her sub-mind got sulky and left her conscious mind to do it all, and it failed. When she is at one with herself and doesn't boss, her whole mind works, and she gets it right. So if you were at one with yourself the "ouiji" would obey your will. But you more than half *believe* that the board obeys an outside spirit, so you are divided against yourself, and the board's "No" may not be the truth. This theory may explain a good many untruths told by such devices and through mediums. It is a theory though! And all theories are liable to go up in smoke.

J. Thomas Mumford, of Correctionville, Ia., has this to say about the Silence, and about Miss Fletcher's articles:

"People who read New Thought literature may think that the retiring into the silence of one's self is an entirely New Thought discovery when it is old, old, reaching back into very ancient times. I note in 'Thoughts of Marcus Aurelius' by Long, a statement like this: '*Men seek retreats for themselves, but this is the work of the most common sort of men, for it is in thy power whenever thou wilt choose to retire into thyself for no where either with more quiet or more freedom from trouble does a man retire than into his own soul, particularly when he has within him such thoughts that by looking into them he is immediately in perfect tranquility. Constantly, then give to thyself this retreat and renew thyself.*'

"This is exactly the New Thought doctrine of the Silence; an old truth newly discovered and applied. Jesus, the Christ, lived and taught the doctrine of Silence as held by the New Thought advocates today. The old philosophers and prophets followed this rule of life and taught it to their disciples. Moses, Elijah and John the Baptist were what we might call extreme in living and teaching the Silence as the fundamental tenet of their theology. The Hindoos have followed it for centuries with remarkable results to themselves and others.

"It is a remarkable fact that those who have become expert in Occult experiences and achievements have been expert first in observing this great principle of Retreat and Silence as advocated by the New Thought literature of the present time. I want to add my appreciation of the *Nautilus*, and especially of the series of articles on the Law of the Rhythmic Breath. One of these articles alone is worth many times the price of the magazine for a whole year. I can hardly wait until the next installment reaches me. This is a remarkable series and no one should miss the reading and treasuring of their contents."

**MORE NEW THOUGHT
CHURCHES.**

And some of—
them older than
the one at De-
troit which we mentioned last month!
And to the Hub belongs the palm, after
all! As usual it claims the first, if not
the best—often it has both—of every-
thing in the educational and religious
line. The first Christian Science church
is there. And now we find the first (if
anybody knows of an older one we'd
like to hear about it) new thought
church there. The Church of the Higher
Life, Rev. William J. Leonard says,
was incorporated nine years ago and
originated three years earlier. Rev.
Helen Van Anderson was its founder,
and for five years its pastor. "For
twelve years, barring the summer vaca-
tions, it has held every Sunday a new
thought service which has been the
means of making the truth known to
thousands." So writes Mr. Leonard
who is first vice-president of the society.
The president is Miss Ida M. Sears, and
the society is supported by voluntary
contributions. Its services are held in
Faeldon Hall, Huntington Chambers, 30
Huntington avenue, at three p. m.

Then there is another flourishing
New Thought Church in Minneapolis,
of which one of our Chicago friends,
Marie K. Hammond, writes as follows:
"The Minneapolis New Thought Church
is under the leadership of Mrs. Ruth B.
Ridges, and is doing a splendid work.
It has as large, if not a larger, weekly at-
tendance than the Detroit Church, and
is a source of great help and inspira-
tion to many. They are going to have
a building of their own some day, too.
And Mrs. Ridges is a splendid, noble,
lovable woman, a magnetic and eloquent
speaker and an untiring worker. It was
by her recommendation that *The Nautil-
us* first came into my hands."

"It's a poor windmill that must wait for a breeze
from the south."—Purinton.

Works Without Faith.

**Faith Came After the Works Had Laid
the Foundation.**

A Bay State belle talks thus about
coffee.

"While a coffee drinker I was a suf-
ferer from indigestion and intensely
painful headaches, from childhood.

"Seven years ago my health gave out
entirely. I grew so weak that the exer-
tion of walking, if only a few feet, made
it necessary for me to lie down. My
friends thought I was marked for con-
sumption—weak, thin and pale.

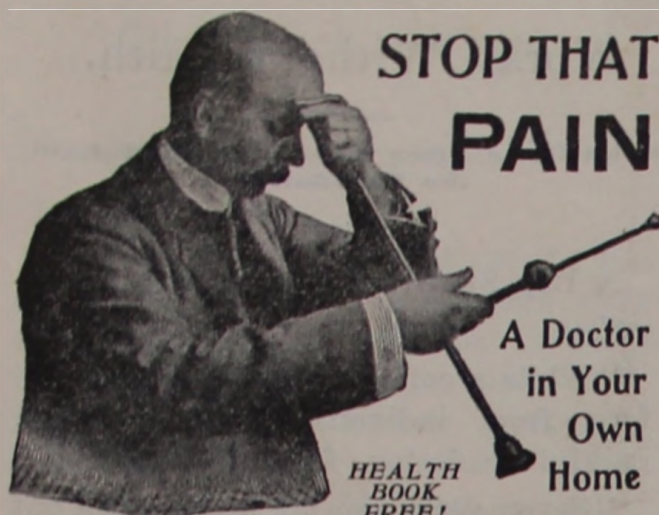
"I realized the danger I was in and
tried faithfully to get relief from medi-
cines, till, at last, after having em-
ployed all kinds of drugs, the doctor ac-
knowledgeed that he did not believe it was
in his power to cure me.

"While in this condition a friend in-
duced me to quit coffee and try Postum
Food Coffee, and I did so without the
least hope that it would do me any good.
I did not like it at first, but when it was
properly made I found it was a most
delicious and refreshing beverage. I am
especialy fond if it served at dinner ice
cold, with cream.

"In a few months I began to improve,
and in a few weeks my indigestion
ceased to trouble me, and my headache
stopped entirely. I am so perfectly well
now that I do not look like the same per-
son, and I have so gained in flesh that
I am fifteen pounds heavier than ever
before.

"This is what Postum has done for
me. I still use it and shall always do
so." Name given by Postum Company,
Battle Creek, Mich.

There's a reason. Read the little
book "The Road to Wellville" in pack-
ages."



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Resolved II. That I won't find fault with folks afore their faces, nor talk about 'em even to myself behind their back.

Resolved III. That I won't hurry myself, nor try to make other people hurry, nor let other people hurry me.

Amen.

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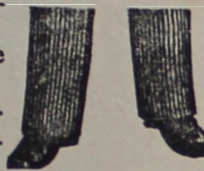
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The magazines may be sent to different addresses,
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Passion Flowers and roses sweet of varied hue,
But the red, red rose claims my favor,
For it mingles with its sweetness thoughts of you."

Regular sheet music size on best velvet paper and neat
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WHY NOT FOR YOU?

If you have anything to sell, make it known to
NAUTILUS readers. The right kind of advertising
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follows: "Herewith check for another month's ad. Re-
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they secured over 2,000 subscribers through direct re-
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for a few months in NAUTILUS.

Grenville Kleiser, 1267 Broadway, N. Y. writes:
"From a small announce-ment in the NAUTILUS I
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publications."

Just give us a trial. Count not more than 80 words
to the inch.

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One inch.....\$3.00
One-fourth page.....12.00
One-half page.....24.00
One page.....48.00

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Investment ads. not accepted.

Orders must reach us not later than the 10th day
of month preceding date of issue in which you wish
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WILLIAM E. TOWNE }

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX }
FLOYD B. WILSON } Regular
ELEANOR KIRK } Contributors
ELLA ADELIA FLETCHER } for 1905-6
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Date of expiration of subscription is printed on
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Give full name and fullest address in every letter.

Send prompt notification of change of address, giv-
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portant, for names cannot be found on list unless
town and state are given.

I will assume no responsibility for copies of NAU-
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when address is to be changed.

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which are not otherwise signed or quoted, are written
by the editor.

ELIZABETH TOWNE, Holyoke, Mass.

Nautilus News.

SOMETHING OF
IMPORTANCE
ABOUT THE SCIENCE.

In our March number will appear a splendid, scholarly article on "Going into the Silence," which I think sets this matter forth in a scientific light that will charm our readers. The article is written by Prof. Henry C. Walters, better known as Salvarona, author of "Wisdom of Passion," and friend and co-worker with William James of Harvard, and Professor Hyslop, of Columbia, whose experiments in psychic research have attracted such wide attention and done so much to make telepathy, spirits and spooks "respectable" in this land of the free and home of the brave spiritualist.

I am interested to know what our readers will think of Salvarona's unique presentation of this all-important matter of the Silence.

COLUMN OF CRISP
SAYINGS FROM
EVERYWHERE.

One of our bright, young friends, F. J. Watt, of Detroit, used to live in Holyoke, where he was an enthusiastic worker in the Presbyterian church, along with Charles S. Edwards who is now foreman of the *Transcript* press room. Mr. Watt is the man who received from *New Thought* a prize of \$100 for the best letter suggesting ways of improving that magazine. So when he called on us the other evening I suggested that he set his thinker to work in behalf of *Nautilus*. A few days later came a letter with this idea:

"Start a 'Column of Crisp Sayings from Everywhere' and invite readers to send in selected paragraphs from the lectures, sermons, etc., of their leaders, teachers and pastors. There must be an increasing number of Mental, Christian and Divine Science and Spiritual Circles where bright new thoughts are expressed; and there is a growing number of pastors of orthodox and Unitarian churches who often preach splendid new thought logic. Items should give name of speaker, date, place and by whom reported, and the items should be printed, each in its own setting. Such a column would bear witness to the fact that new thought is not confined to a few cranks, and it would stand as a collection of original and valuable ideas for the benefit of thousands, where now they are heard only by a few scores or hundreds of people at most. Just for a starter I enclose a few chips from one of Mrs. La Grange's lectures."

That is a bright idea! And I am sure our readers will welcome this new department, which will make its first appearance in the March number of *Nautilus*.

When you hear a bright saying pass it on to our monthly audience of 100,000 or so readers!

NEW THOUGHT
IN THE KITCHEN
AND ABROAD.

Our Riley M. Fletcher Berry is a contributor also to the *Springfield Republican*, the highest-class newspaper in the country. I learned this from the December 24th issue of the *Republi-*

can, which gave *Nautilus* and little notice and copied in "New Thought Christmas Dinner" (as it called it), menu entire for their readers.

Wasn't that good? You see, new thought is percolating even the most conservative brains and papers. To the *Republican* put "new thought" in quotation marks, in speaking of us; but a year or two ago it would have put us in the waste basket!

When we were in Portland this fall the *Oregonian*, another of the eminently respectables, put new thought (without quotations) and *The Nautilus* and Elizabeth Towne in a frame and printed them in a prominent position!

These are little signs of the times and of evolution, in which we can all rejoice.

Our "New Thought in the Kitchen" seems to be a real hit. Some of our women readers call it the most helpful thing they have read. Every one of our readers will enjoy the taste of it.

ERRATA OF THE WHY.

Miss Fletcher's article of last month have got started wrong! It contained several errors, two at least being typographical. The typographical errors you will find corrected in the erratum at the foot of this month's article by Miss Fletcher.

A friend writes about the third error. She says that Miss Fletcher's allusion to the *Cosmopolitan* of September, 1895, must be a mistake, since there is no article by Garrett P. Serviss in that number. She suggests that Miss Fletcher meant 1905 instead of 1895! I presume this is correct. Garrett P. Serviss is one of the Hearst writers, and I fancy did not write for *Cosmopolitan* until after Hearst bought it. Ask for the number containing that article, and I think it will prove to be September, 1905, number.

Perhaps the writer and the Sanskrit names being new to our printers, we have all been over-anxious about getting Miss Fletcher's articles printed just right! Here's to more faith and better work.

WHAT SHE THINKS. Christine Campbell, of Marquette, Mich., voices in verse her appreciation of *The Nautilus*. This is what she writes:

THE NAUTILUS.

This is the magazine, whose pages sing
New Thought with a true ring—
The best of the great maze
That fling symbolic covers to our gaze;
We taste this one and that—we're in a daze;—
The Nautilus we prize;
Because—because just nearest to our heart it
lies.

"Don't demoralize your character by doing poor work. Poor work may mean only a money loss to your employer, but to you it means loss of character, self-respect and manhood."—Madison C. Peters.

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"They themselves are masters of themselves."

By virtue of the thoughts which they choose and encourage; that mind is the master-weaver, both of the inner garment of character and the outer garment of circumstance, and that, as they may have hitherto woven in ignorance and pain they may now weave in enlightenment and happiness.

Contents

Thought and Character
Effect of Thought on Circumstances
Effect of Thought on Health and the Body
Thought and Purpose
The Thought-Factor in Achievement
Visions and Ideals
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Chicago.

*Out of the night that covers me,
Black as the Pit from pole to pole!
I thank whatever gods may be
For my unconquerable soul.*

*In the fell clutch of circumstance
I have not winced nor cried aloud.
Under the bludgeonings of chance
My head is bloody but unbowed.*

*It matters not how straight the gate,
How charged with punishments
the scroll,*

*I AM the master of my fate;
I AM the captain of my soul.*

—The Man of the Hour.

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